

THE
P O E M S
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH. K

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
G O L D S M I T H.

THE frivolous taste of most readers, and a desire to swell into a volume what should comprise only a few pages, are the reasons why the lives of illustrious men contain in general so many useless details. In endeavouring to avoid a like error, we hope our narrative will not be esteemed the less for its brevity.

Oliver Goldsmith was a native of Ireland, and is said to have been

born, in the year 1729, at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon; but according to the inscription upon his monument in Westminster-Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson, it appears that the place of his birth was Fernes, in the province of Leinster, and the date of it the 29th of November 1731. His father, who was a respectable clergyman, though in narrow circumstances, neglected not the education of his children; and Oliver, after studying the classics in Mr. Hughes's school, was sent to Trinity-College, Dublin; of which he was admitted a sizer on the 11th of June 1744.

During his residence at the University he discovered no extraordinary capacity. He tells us, in his

Life of Parnell, a work which does honour to his head and to his heart, that "he never found any of those prodigies of parts, although he knew enow that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so." In truth, whatever examples may be adduced of a forward understanding among celebrated wits, it still remains a question whether nature, or education and chance, have most influence in the formation of genius?

Goldsmith's application, at this period, cannot have been great, since he did not obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts till two years after the regular time. It is probable that the same heedless disposition, which contributed to embitter the latter part of

of his days, prevented his making a greater progress at College. However that may be, he turned his thoughts to the profession of Physic, and visited Edinburgh in the year 1751; where he studied the different branches of medicine under the respective professors of that university. But the goodness of his heart, joined to his want of circumspection, soon involved him in difficulties; and having made himself responsible for the debt of a fellow-student, who failed to exonerate him from the demand, he was obliged abruptly to quit Scotland, in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the early part of the year 1754 he arrived at Sunderland; and was

there arrested for the sum for which he had become bail. Being, however, relieved from this embarrassment, through the interference of Mr. Laughlin Maclane, and Dr. Sleight, whose friendship he had probably acquired at the college of Edinburgh, and having a strong desire to see foreign countries, he embarked on board of a Dutch vessel, bound to Rotterdam; whence he repaired to Brussels, and afterwards visited a great part of Flanders and Brabant. At Louvain he made some stay, and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Physic. He next accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva; where he was recommended, as a travelling companion, to a young man of a sordid

mind, who, by the death of an uncle, had unexpectedly come into the possession of a considerable fortune. With a person of a disposition so contrary to his own, Goldsmith could not long continue. Accordingly a disagreement happened, on their reaching the south of France, which ended in their parting; and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties a man could experience, who was in a foreign country, without friends or money. Yet his ardour for travelling was not abated; and he persisted in his design, although he was obliged to perform the greatest part of his tour on foot, and was frequently beholden (as he had already been in Flanders) to his German flute,

an instrument on which he played tolerably well, for a night's lodging. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and landed at Dover in the year 1757.

His situation, on his arrival in London, was altered, without being improved; for he was still a stranger, and still destitute. "The world was all before him;" but the means of present subsistence were not easily to be obtained. He applied to several apothecaries for employment; but his uncouth appearance, and broad Irish accent, rendered him the object only of ridicule and contempt. In so forlorn a state, he submitted to the humble condition of an assistant in the

laboratory of a chemist, near Fish-Street Hill. From this drudgery he was released by the kindness of Dr. Sleigh, who received him into his family, and liberally invited him to share his purse, till some means could be devised for his maintenance. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, shortly after accepted of the place of usher to a boarding-school kept by the late Dr. Milner, a dissenting clergyman, at Peckham. Whilst in this situation, it is said that he wrote some criticisms for the Monthly Review, which obtained him reputation sufficient to determine him to follow the bent of his genius: and having, at the commencement of his literary career, resolved to observe strictly

the rules of economy, he, on his return to London, took a lodging in Green-Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey; where several of his most successful pieces were written.

The earliest of his performances, that can now be discovered, bears the date of 1758, and is entitled *The memoirs of a protestant condemned to the galleys of France for his religion, translated from the original published at the Hague*. In 1759 appeared *An enquiry into the present state of polite learning in Europe*; and in October of the same year he began the *Bee*, a periodical publication, which ceased at the end of eight numbers. The following year he became known to Dr. Smollett, and composed several

essays for the British Magazine, which was then publishing by that gentleman. It seems that he also engaged as an assistant in the Critical Review. The first work, however, worthy of the reputation our author has since acquired is the *Citizen of the World*, which appeared about this time in the Public Ledger, under the title of Chinese Letters.

In 1762 he was enabled to emerge from his mean abode in the Old Bailey to the genteeler air of the Temple; where he took chambers, and lived in a more creditable manner. His connexions now became very numerous; but it was only three years after (in 1765) that his genius displayed itself in its full vigour, by the

publication of his *Traveller*, a poem began in Switzerland, and which was followed by his *Vicar of Wakefield* and *History of England*. His *Deserted Village* was first printed in 1769, the same year that the Honorary Professorship of History in the Royal Academy was conferred upon him. An anecdote is told respecting the publication of this poem, which sets our author's character in so amiable, and at the same time in so true a light, that we cannot refrain from repeating it. His bookseller having given him a note of one hundred guineas for the copy, Goldsmith, it is said, mentioned the circumstance a few hours after to one of his friends, who observed that it was a very great sum for so short a

performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too: it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note." This, it seems, he actually did, leaving it to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits arising from the sale, which turned out very considerable.

The universal esteem in which our author's poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are unequivocal tests of their merit. His two principal pieces, the Traveller and the Deserted Village, are truly original productions; but the former has more peculiarity,

abounds more in thought, and in the expression of moral and philosophical ideas; whereas the *Deserted Village* possesses more imagery, more variety, more pathos, and is consequently more interesting. In the latter poem he strongly inveighs against the progress of luxury: but, like most of the moralists who have written upon that subject, he confounds the effect with the cause. Luxury in itself is far from being pernicious, since it tends to lessen the effects of the unequal distribution of wealth, which is the true, but inevitable evil resulting from the progress of trade and civilization.

Goldsmith's poetry is no less characterized by its energy than by its simplicity: hence it affords numerous

passages which dwell on the memory. His purpose is to represent manners and characters as they really exist; not to body forth things unknown. He impresses strongly on the heart moral and political sentiments, whilst he fills the imagination with a variety of pleasing or affecting objects selected from the stores of nature. If this be not the highest department of poetry, it is the most universally agreeable. To receive delight from the sublime conceptions of Milton, the allegories of Spenser, the learning of Gray, or the fancy of Collins, we must possess some sparks of the genius which animated them, or our minds must have been prepared by a particular course of study. La Motte-

Houdard, who attempted to translate Homer into French, though a man of no mean abilities, was incapable of feeling the beauties of his author; and to the same want of a congenial mind we may attribute the unjust strictures of Dr. Johnson upon the pindaric odes of Gray. Perhaps also, as Dr. Aikin, in his excellent essay on the poetry of Goldsmith, remarks, “at a certain period of life, when the judgment exercises a severer scrutiny over the sallies of the imagination, the relish for artificial beauties will always abate, if not entirely desert us*.” But at

* This passage requires some explanation. If, by *artificial beauties*, Dr. Aikin mean beauties of the imagination, he is right; but if we are thereby to understand beauties produced by art, which is the

every age, and with every degree of culture, correct and well chosen representations of nature must please. We admire them when young; we recur to them when old; and they charm us till nothing longer can charm." Goldsmith's poems will therefore last as long as the language in which he wrote; and there can be no doubt that if the lovers of English poetry were confined to a small selection of authors, his name would find a distinguished place among the number.

To return from this digression, our author, who had assumed the title of Doctor, made in the year 1767 his first, and probably his only effort to proper sense of the word artificial, the reverse will come nearer the truth.

wards obtaining a permanent establishment. On the death of Mr. Mace, Gresham professor of Civil law, he became a candidate to succeed him; but without success.

In 1768 his comedy of *The good-natured man* was acted at Covent-Garden theatre. This play affords a strong proof of our author's comic talents, from which a better taste in the age might have elicited humour that would have lived.—But Kelly had raised it to a pitch of *False Delicacy*, from which it could not descend to welcome the just delineations of varied life; and Goldsmith's play was, like the *Rivals*, nearly driven from the stage on its first representation.

His comedy of *She stoops to con-*

quer, or The mistakes of a night, was acted five years after. The scenes abound with humour, and the characters are all as natural as were ever drawn; yet they do nothing probable, or even possible, from the beginning of the play to the end. - No wonder that Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of Covent-Garden theatre, should have entertained doubts of its success. The piece was however received with considerable applause; and Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the severity of a remark, which Mr. Colman had made upon it during the rehearsal, that it entirely destroyed his friendship for that gentleman.

The success of this play produced

a very illiberal and personal attack upon our author in one of the public prints; which he resented by applying his cane about the publisher's shoulders. The latter of course thought it necessary to stand in his own defence; and it is not easy to say how the combat would have ended, had not Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher's house, stepped forward, and parted them. This affair being represented in most of the newspapers much to the disadvantage of Goldsmith, he, on the 31st of March 1773, published an address to the public, in the Daily Advertiser; which, as it contains many just observations on the abuse of that palladium of our constitution, the liberty

of the press, and the dangerous consequences which may ensue, we shall here transcribe.

“LEST it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

“I have always considered the

press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned, from defending public interest, to making inroads into private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution. The great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up

its benefits, content with security from its insults.

“ How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell: all I could wish is, that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing: by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only

serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Another theatrical piece produced by our author was *The Grumbler*, a farce altered from *Sedley*. It was acted at Covent-Garden in 1772, for the benefit of Mr. Quick; but it was acted only one night, and was never printed.

His last work was *An history of the earth and animated nature*, in

eight vols. 8vo. for which his bookseller paid him 850*l*.

A short time before his death, he had formed a design of compiling an universal dictionary of arts and sciences, and actually printed proposals for it, which he distributed among his acquaintance. Several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick) had promised to assist him in this undertaking; from which he naturally entertained the most sanguine expectations of success; but it did not meet with proportionate encouragement from the booksellers; and he used, it is said, to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

We have already had occasion to speak of our author's poetry. His prose possesses nearly the same excellencies; it is, as Dr. Johnson observes, "capacious without exuberance, exact without restraint, and easy without weakness." His *Vicar of Wakefield* has a just title to be ranked among the best novels in our language, as well from the nature and variety of its characters, as from what in general is less attended to, the sufficiency of its moral. It possesses another rare merit—that of not being too long.

Though Goldsmith's reputation rest chiefly upon his poems, it is remarkable that he did not reap from

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them a profit equal to that produced by his other writings, and that it was by no means the best among the latter which redounded most to his emolument.

He, it seems, greatly resembled, in his literary career, the portrait that Pope has drawn of Atticus, "who could bear no rival near the throne." He is said likewise to have had no settled system of conduct; and yet the whole tenor of his writings is favourable to the cause of virtue and morality; so easy it is for the human mind to unite the strangest inconsistencies; and so true it is that those who are any ways elevated above humanity will always be found al-

lied to it by failings, which serve in some degree to reconcile the rest of mankind to their superiority.

With a little attention to prudence and economy, Goldsmith might easily have raised himself to a state above want and dependence. He is said to have acquired 1800*l.* in one year, and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death. But these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing the proper object of his generosity, and by an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained, at times, as much embarrassed in his

circumstances as when his income was at its lowest and most precarious state.

He had, for some years, been afflicted at different times with a violent strangury, which, united to the deranged state of his affairs, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which put a period to his existence on the 4th of April 1774, in the 43d year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-Abbey. His pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke.

and Mr. Garrick: this design was however dropped; and his remains were deposited in the Temple burial-ground on the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen who had been his friends through life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription has since been raised, to defray the expense of a marble monument, which is now executed by Mr. Nollkens, and placed in Westminster-Abbey, between Gay's monument and the duke of Argyle's, in Poet's corner. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a good likeness of our author, with literary

ornaments, and the following epitaph, written by his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH

Poetæ, physici, historici,
 Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
 non tetigit,
 Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;
 Sive risus essent movendi,
 sive lacrymæ,
 Affectuum potens, at lenis, dominator;
 Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
 Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
 Hoc monumento memoriâ coluit
 Sodalium amor,
 Amicorum fides,
 Lectorum veneratio.
 Natus Hibernia, Forniæ Lonfordiensis
 In loco cui nomen Pallas,
 Nov. 29, 1731.
 Eblanæ litteris institutus,
 Obiit Londini,
 Apr. 4, 1774.

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POEMS

BY

GOLDSMITH.



THE
TRAVELLER;
OR
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

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TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the

harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous; I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew that there

may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER.

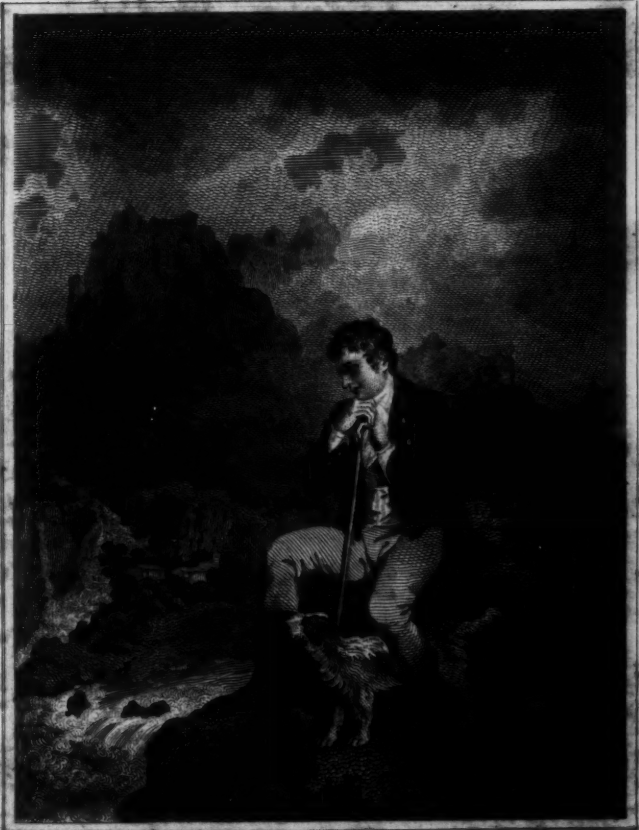
REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.



Designed by F. Wheatley R.A.

Engraved by E. M. Reed

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When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
 As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n,
 To diff'rent nations makes their blessings ev'n.

Nature, a mother kind, alike to all
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
 And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
 The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cesars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:

No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day,

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;



Designed by W^m Hamilton R.A.

Engraved by J. B. Kneller

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For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest:
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire and then supplies;
 Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowl'ring on the nest:

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But, while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;

Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind;
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control;
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
 But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;

Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
 Till over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or cōurt the great.
 Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;

Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favour's fost'ring sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms:
 But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;

Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
 And thus, polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves, in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.



TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest

friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of

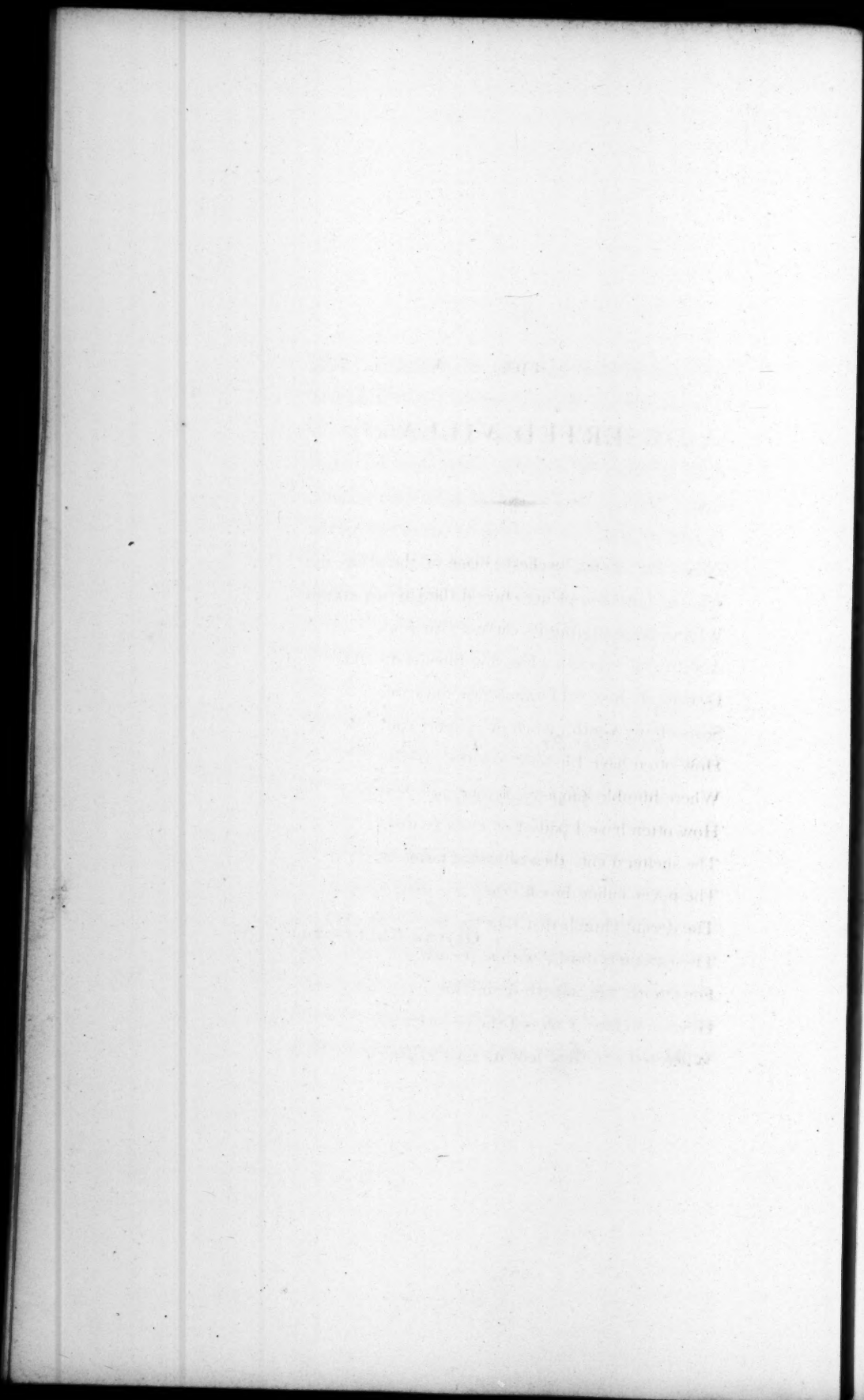
antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:



Designed by W. M. Thackeray, R.A.

Engraved by J. H. B. A.

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One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:

His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes (for pride attends us still)
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
 And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound when oft, at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
 E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics, rang'd around:

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor;
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies:
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress,
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
 But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;



Designed by F. Wheatley R.A.

Engraved by A. Smith A.

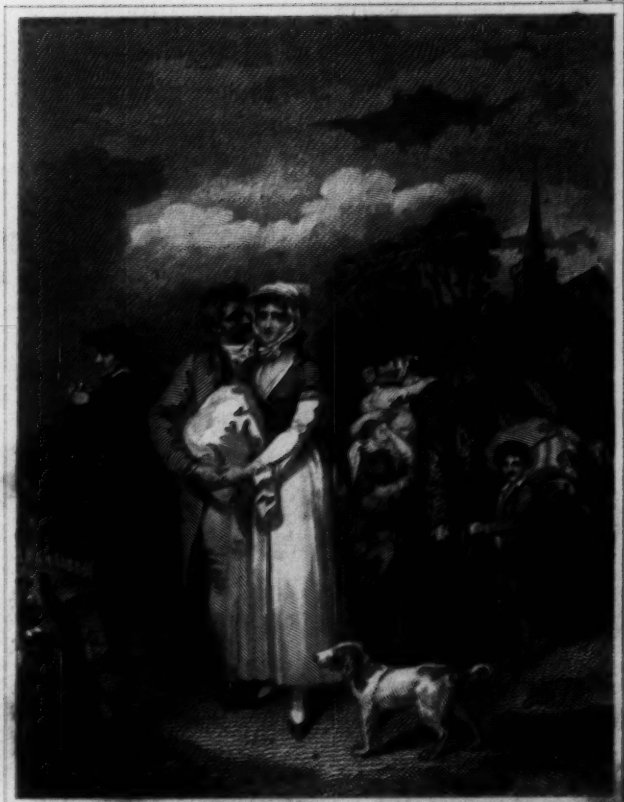
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Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;

And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

Oh luxury! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own:



Designed by F. Whistler R.A.

Engraved by A. Smith.

Published 1st December 1885 by F. J. The Review, London.

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At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till, sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
 E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
 And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A
POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO
LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.



THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of vertu:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn^a.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best:
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

^a Lord Clare's nephew.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.

"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
 Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"

"Why whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce;

"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
 I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
 And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
 We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
 What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
 No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself^b;"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were all to dine,
(A chair lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb;
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;

^b See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor—12^o 1769.

The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
 Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

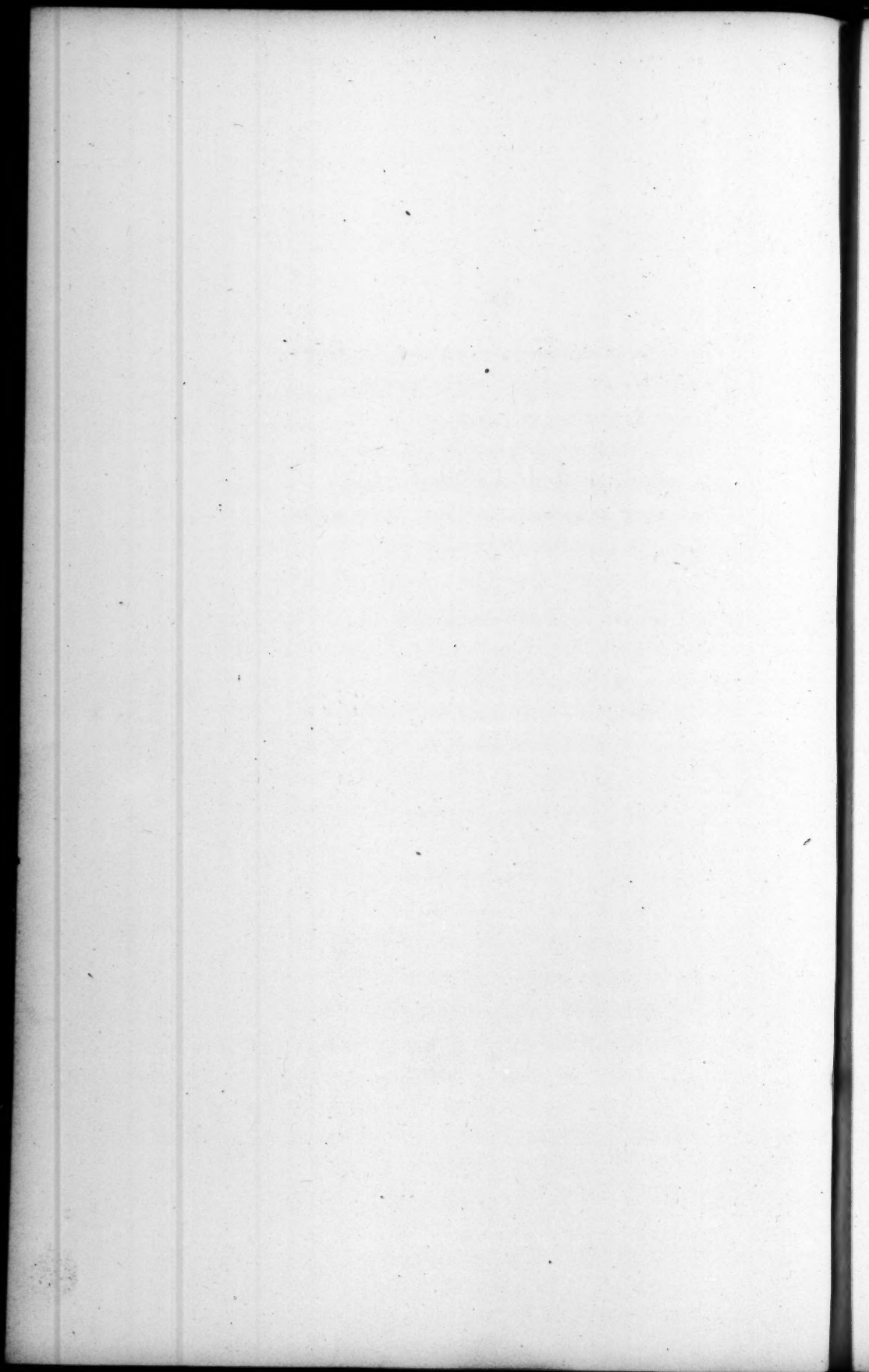
At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
 At the sides there were spinnage and pudding made hot;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
 So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
 But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish
 rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
 brogue,

And, “Madam,” quoth he, “may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
 Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
 But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.”
 “The tripe,” quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 “I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:

I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
 But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
 "O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
 There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
 "I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 "What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot;
 "Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
 "We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
 "We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
 While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste:

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.



RETALIATION,

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774,

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.



Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord ^c supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our dean ^d shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke ^e shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will ^f shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick ^g with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our Cumberland's ^h sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas ⁱ is pudding, substantial and plain:

^c The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

^d Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

^e Mr. Edmund Burke.

^f Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway and member for Bedwin.

^g Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

^h Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

ⁱ Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of

Our Garrick's ^k a sallad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge ^l is anchovy, and Reynolds ^m is lamb;
 That Hickey's ⁿ a capon, and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
 Whomixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;

the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

^k David Garrick, Esq.

^l Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

^m Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ⁿ An eminent attorney.

Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend ° to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;

• Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch.

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
 Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard^p, whose fate I must sigh at;
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

^p Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine:
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
 clines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

But now he is gone, and we want a detector:
 Our Dodds[‡] shall be pious, our Kenricks[†] shall lecture;
 Macpherson^{*} write bombast, and call it a style;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

[‡] The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

[†] Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespear."

^{*} James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys^t, and Woodfalls^u so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

^t Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

^u Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatt'ers, go where he will:
 Old Shakespear receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,—
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
 hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, * and only took snuff.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord ^y, from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave ^z man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

^y Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

^z Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

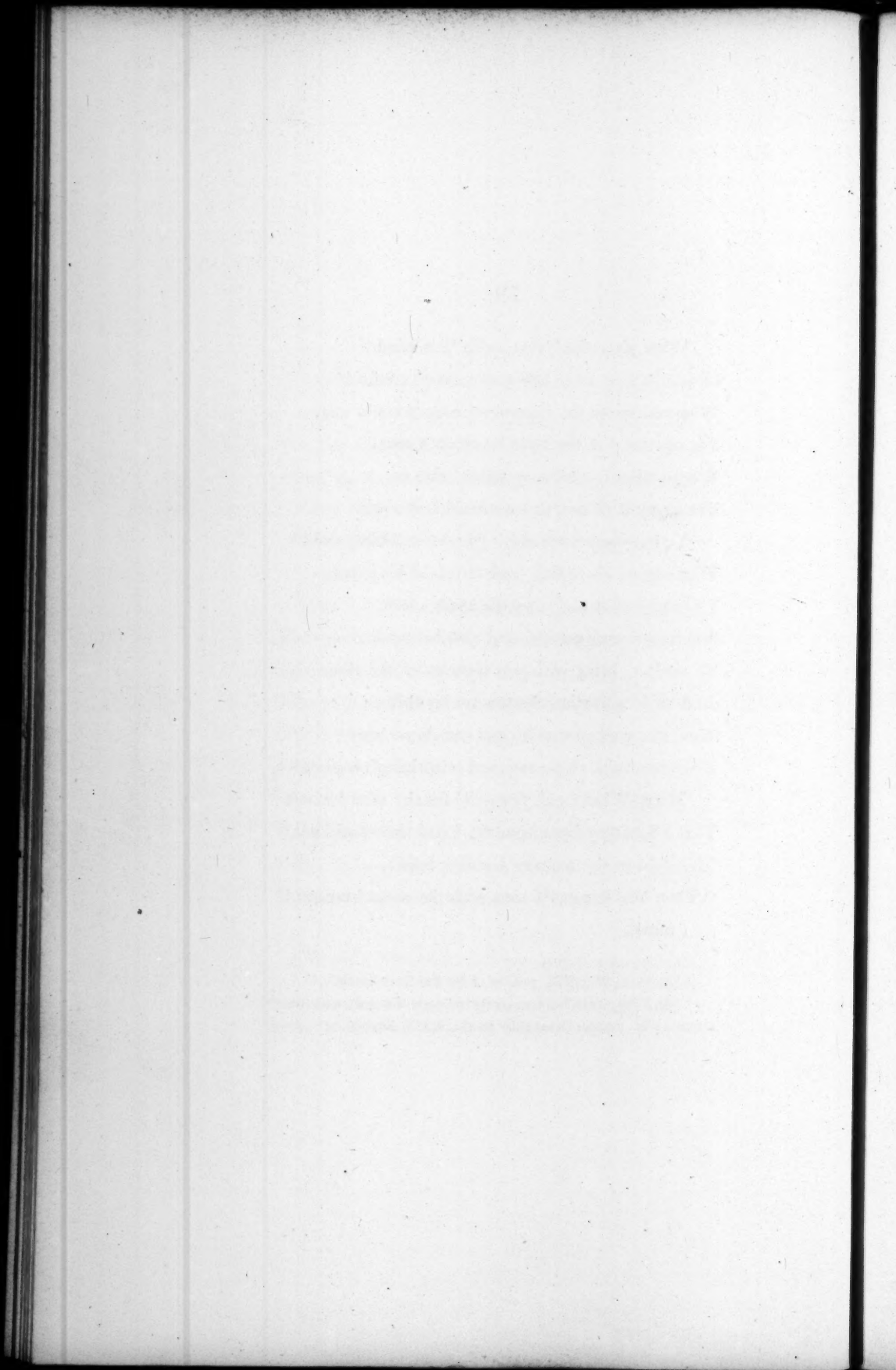
What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall ^a confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper wittings! ye pert scribbling folks!
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
 Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press ^b.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
 This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
 "Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
 muse.

^a Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

^b Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.



THE
H E R M I T,
A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.




THE
H E R M I T.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.



" Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that pow'r that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest, and smil'd;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
 With answ'ring care opprest:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove,

Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where heav'n and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;

And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow'r had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

" The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;

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'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heav'n!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION,
A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.

O!—But let exclamation cease:
 Her presence banish'd all his peace:
 So with decorum all things carried,
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
 The raptures of the bridal night?
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
 Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
 Let it suffice that each had charms:
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
 And, though she felt his usage rough,
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
 The second brought its transports too:
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
 But when, a twelvemonth past away,
 Jack found his goddess made of clay;
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
 But still the worst remain'd behind,
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
 But dressing, patching, repartee;
 And, just as humour rose or fell,
 By turns a slattern or a belle;
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half naked at a ball or race;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend?
 Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations.
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke;
 While all their hours were past between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown:
 He fancies every vice she shews,
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes;
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phyzz;
 And though her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 As each a diff'rent way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promis'd to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
 Withers the beauty's transient flow'r,
 Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
 And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright:

Each former art she vainly tries
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her paste and creams
 To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
 The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
 And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly flown,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.
 Jack soon was dazzled to behold
 Her present face surpass the old;
 With modesty her cheeks are died,
 Humility displaces pride;
 For tawdry finery is seen
 A person ever neatly clean:
 No more presuming on her sway,
 She learns good-nature ev'ry day:
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

TO

I R I S,

IN

BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty.

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

H

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em,
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED,

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;

And that brute beasts are far before 'em,

Deus est anima brutorum.

Who ever knew an honest brute

At law his neighbour prosecute;

Bring action for assault and battery,

Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,

No politics disturb their mind;

They eat their meals, and take their sport,

Nor know who's in or out at court;

They never to the levee go

To treat as dearest friend a foe;

They never importune his grace,

Nor ever cringe to men in place;

Nor undertake a dirty job,

Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;

Fraught with invective they ne'er go

To folks at Pater-noster-row:

No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,

No pickpockets, or poetasters,

Are known to honest quadrupedes;

No single brute his fellows leads;

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

A
NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forgot what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bards decreed;
 A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd no doubt their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;
 And here my simile unites,
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd caduceus,
 And highly fam'd for several uses:
 To wit—most wond'rously endued,
 No poppy water half so good;

For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore.
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
 His wand's a modern author's pen;
 The serpents round about it twin'd
 Denote him of the reptile kind;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike too both conduce to sleep.
 This diff'rence only, as the god
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
 Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;

In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he:
 But e'en this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards! why what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

ON

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has follow'd her,—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and fin'ry fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
 She had not died to-day.

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of ev'ry sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;

The naked ev'ry day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they lied,
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

THE
 CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
 "An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to
 letters,
 "Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
 "Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 "As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

EDINBURGH, 1753.

STANZAS

ON

WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

S T A N Z A S
ON THE
TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart;
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

DESCRIPTION
OF AN
AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
 With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

S O N G,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF
 “SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

Alas me! when shall I marry me?
 Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
 He, fond youth, that could carry me,
 Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
 Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover;
 She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
 Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

A S O N N E T.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to ev'ry gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

EPITAPH

ON

D R. P A R N E L L.

THIS tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And heav'n, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON^c.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

^c This gentleman was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *HENRIADE*.

FROM THE
O R A T O R I O
OF THE
CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

A
P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON
THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS^d.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;

^d This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works, "The present state of learning in Europe." 12mo. 1759.

Unaw'd by pow'r, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom heav'n itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ZOBEIDE.

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling,
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reck'ning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!

Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen

'em—

[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—

[*Balconies.*

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [Stage.

And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:

[*Tasting them.*

Th' inhabitants are cannibals I fear:

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!

O, there the people are—best keep my distance;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure; lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What, no reply to promises so ample?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN,

AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.]

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect ev'ry passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.

How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
 Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
 And from above the dangling deities.
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
 May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
 Shakspear himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
 The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
 Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
 Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
 'twas but a dream.
 Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating;
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
 'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
shanks,

They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoiks! hark forward! came thund'ring from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

EPILOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my
cue:
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you,
you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*]

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
 Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
 There Hebes, 'turn'd of fifty, try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got pow'r to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem ev'ry thing but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, damme! who's afraid?

[Mimicking.]

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.


Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t'assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to ev'ry gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone.
Well then a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

L I N E S

INSERTED IN

THE MORNING CHRONICLE

OF THE 3D OF APRIL 1800.



E'en have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

THE END.

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